Fire Emblem Awakening: Redemption

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Summary: This story focuses on Robin and Lucina three years after the Dark Dragon War, during the Royal Family's reunion. It becomes apparent that Robin still fights with his inner demons, hoping to bring himself peace through external choices. However, running away would force his family to pay a huge price... Will he manage to solve his problem, or will Robin succumb to his weakness?

Chapter 1: Part 1: Unease

Redemption

Part 1: Unease

Sacrificing a life isn't worth the victory, yet I still did so, never looking back.

I gave my own life to destroy Grima, and disappeared from the lives of people I hold dear.

Who would have known that I would be reborn, even after dissolving into nothingness?

I am now a regular human living among others, hoping to enjoy this new found peace.

May it last forever.

High Deliverer Robin on the Dark Dragon War in his journal, accompanied with the following excerpt;

"*As I write these thoughts in my journal I wonder to myself; could it be that I use too ornate language?"*

"I can see Chrom", Robin told Morgan while gazing out from the window. *Finally! Gods, I was almost starting to think that robbers got them*, he thought. Then Robin shook his head. After all, there was no way that it could have happened, unless Chrom and Sumia had been ditching practice. Old habits die hard, and Robin could hardly see the two forgoing routine that had kept them alive during the greatest battle of the millennium.

He sighed. *I have to get used to that now*, he thought, *calling that battle the greatest in a thousand years*. After all, Black Dragon Grima *had* been destroyed. Robin had made sure of that.

"Father, is she with them?" Morgan asked, and Robin turned around to face her. His daughter had a book in her hands, and she was sitting next to the fireplace, her pose immaculately mirroring that of a court lady or even a queen. Lucina had been at her, Robin knew.

"She who?" he asked from her.

"Lucina", she answered curtly. Robin raised his eyebrows at her. Morgan usually called Lucina her mother.

"She's in the kitchen, no?" Robin said. The girl lifted her purple haired head from the book that she had been reading.

"No- I mean…" she started, and found herself trying to find words for whatever she was going to ask. Her fingers flailed softly, as if she was trying to find and capture the expressions that would help Robin better understand her question. Then she lifted her head higher, and met Robin's observant gaze.

"What I meant to ask is this; will *little* Lucina be coming here today?" she asked in a conversational and warm voice. It had a slight edge to it, Robin noted mentally.

"Ah, well, I didn't see anyone else than Chrom, but it is likely that she will. What kind of family get-together would this be without her?" he asked rhetorically. Morgan shifted uncomfortably in her seat. All the court lady's manners were starting to melt down like ice in the shade of a volcano. *Why teach Morgan those habits, Lucina, if she's never going to be the queen*, Robin thought. Sometimes she just didn't make any sense.

"See, Father…" Morgan said, "I read this one book some time ago. It had things about alternate dimensions and time traveling…" She looked at Robin's eyes apologetically; she looked slightly red around her cheeks, but Robin couldn't be sure. The concept would have been ridiculous, if not for the happenings three years past.

"Can you trust the source?" Robin asked her with a low voice. Unreliable information cost lives on battlefield, thus all facts had to be rigidly examined and inspected.

"I did some research, but there wasn't any information to be found. The book's writer seemed to be some sort of philosopher, rather than a scientist", she answered. Robin nodded, urging her to continue.

"The writer states, that if ever somebody came from the future, she could possibly…" Morgan's words had apparently gotten stuck into her throat, as she let out one ragged cough before continuing her speech. "…erase herself from existence at a later date by meeting her younger self." She was pursing her lips together, and Robin was thinking of telling her about it. Then he decided not to, as one could certainly see why this matter troubled Morgan so. Robin himself

had done some research on it - in the name of necessity, as Robin didn't want his wife to suddenly just disappear - but all accounts – true or false, he couldn't say – were conflicting and borderline mad. Besides, such things would always be just theories, unless proven right. And that was very unlikely to happen.

"Morgan, your mother hasn't gone anywhere", Robin said to his daughter soothingly. "She's here, and will always be."

"But what if she starts to… unravel or something, when she meets little Lucina?" Morgan asked, more frantic than before. *She's given this much thought*, Robin thought. Then again, Morgan was also prone to overthinking. That was the sole reason Robin could still best her at games that demanded the ability to think analytically.

"Such a thing *won't* happen, Morgan. It won't", Robin reassured her. "Now quick, your grandfather was coming up the stairs last time I checked. They'll be here in any moment now" he said to Morgan and shooed her towards the kitchen with wavy arm motions. She scurried there, while Robin walked towards the bulky oak door that looked like it had seen its share of war. Gashes that seemed like they were made with an axe ran across it, but it seemed that the door had held, whoever the attacked had been.

Robin had only seen tall Chrom's muscular body from a distance, but he was sure that others would quickly follow. Indeed, just as he touched the doorknob dull pounding sounded from the other side of the door.

"Just a minute", he shouted and glanced quickly behind himself, making sure that nothing was out of order or just being plainly irritating. Sure enough, Morgan's book lay there on the table, its black leather bindings sticking out like a black magic tome. He took it, and ran quickly into the kitchen. Morgan was there with Luciana, readying the plates and all kinds of utensils for incoming guests.

"I didn't hear you open the door, Robin", Lucina said to him. She was as sharp as her sword Falchion, but her glory was of other kind. She was beautiful beyond measure, and sometimes she shone brighter than even the moon. At least in Robin's eyes. He took always care to never say something so cliché to his wife. Gods knew that she had a temper. She even pulled her sword on Robin once, but that was a long time ago. He had resolved to forget that.

"Just a moment, Lu", Robin answered to her. "Morgan, take your book back to your room." The girl grabbed it, and rushed upstairs to where her room was.

"Don't leave me hanging, Robin", familiar voice sounded from behind the oaken door that led outside. "And I hope you people didn't move away. You can't avoid family get-togethers by doing that, you know." The voice sounded more than little playful.

Robin dashed to the door. "Oh I wouldn't…" he said while opening the door, "miss this for all of Plegia's treasure, Chrom."

The man stood almost immediately behind door, and Sumia - who was carrying a little child that was presumably younger Cynthia, judging from the color of her hair – slightly further back with the couple's more grown up daughters. Older Cynthia waved happily from Sumia's left side, while young Lucina held tightly to her father's cloak. She looked adorable, little thing that she was, very much unlike her older counterpart. She was not like Robin's wife, except perhaps for her deep blue eyes. It all felt a bit too unnatural to Robin, who was accustomed to seeing his wife daily.

A question rose up to the surface of Robin's mind.

"Has Cynthia been in contact with her younger self lately, or at all?" he asked. It was a direct question - one that felt hardly appropriate as a greeting - but having the answer would ease Morgan's fears immensely. Chrom seemed puzzled at his question, but Sumia was quick to answer. "She sometimes holds the little one."

There. That was inspecting, examining, and verifying the source to make sure there was no false information. If Morgan learned that, she could become a great strategist. Then again, all prayers that went upwards nowadays were requests for tranquil and peaceful life. And wasn't an unemployed strategist always a good thing?

Then again, that was all that Robin was; a person whose only skill was to wage war. He could make supplies last for five hundred thousand people if situation demanded it, but tactician wondered if he could truly become a regular villager; perhaps a farmhand or a worker in a mill. Just like normal people.

But you are married into royalty. That wasn't a mistake; he would never say it was a mistake to marry Lucina. Even if it was done during a harrowing campaign against all kind of military threat he would never regret it. And besides, Robin knew one thing for sure. He would become a farmhand if needed or a worker in a mill if his family's financial situation plummeted. He'd have to, since Lucina renounced her claim on throne in favor of her younger self. But that didn't matter. Robin was still content, because she was there.

"I think you think too much, my friend", Chrom said, and he was right. Somehow, he always knew.

Robin shuddered almost unperceivably.

What would Chrom say when he heard the news?

"All's ready", Robin said quickly, showing the way inside. He stood at the door, as womenfolk clattered in. Chrom, however, wasn't out of quips. "It ought to be, it's Lucina we are talking about", he said smirking.

"Oh, so you would give me no thanks for tactical prowess in the kitchen?" Robin retorted, and Chrom snorted.

"I am curious to know how you apply your skills as a tactician in there" he said, striking conversation like the old times, when Robin still had his habit to announce big daring plans that were oftentimes as dangerous as marrying a Feroxi woman.

"I put things to their places. Lucina makes better food if spices aren't all mixed up", Robin answered, and Chrom laughed genuinely. Robin was once again amazed by his sincere look at life. When Chrom laughed, he laughed genuinely, and when he was sorrowful, he let it show on his face. People who played no tricks were much more enjoyable to be about, even as a tactician. That sentiment didn't extend to Robin's daughter, however. He loved Morgan very dearly, no matter how many tricks she would try to play on him.

Chrom's laughter quelled in time, but he had still to go into the house.

"Robin, are you sure that you are happy here?" he asked. Robin thought about his question.

"I have a lovely wife and a daughter that is a tactical genius. What more could I ask for, Chrom?" Moment of silence filled the emptiness that was created by a gap in their conversation. Robin was about to steer the former prince in by his shoulders when Chrom started speaking, his voice clear and almost somber.

"Then what is it that ails you, my friend? Share your load", he said, holding the door only slightly open now, probably to stop the conversation from being heard.

"I'll share it in the evening" Robin promised, but suspected that Chrom would request for an immediate answer. Robin found himself corrected, as Chrom simply nodded.

"However, you have to announce that thing to all of us, as you are in the midst of friends", Chrom said to him. "We two, we are even tied by blood nowadays." Robin nodded curtly, thinking of Lucina, and how awkward it had been to tell Chrom about their relationship. It wasn't easy when you married your best friend's daughter, even if she was from the future and three fourths of his age.

Robin peered down from the hill, observing a small village short distance away from them.

Where are Lissa and Lon'qu, he wondered silently. Chrom answered Robin's question before he could even voice it.

"They are coming. Just wait a while; it isn't easy journey from Regna Ferox nowadays. Roads in between the nations have been plagued with bandits, and we are having hard time keeping them under control."

"Have you not recruited any new troops?"

"We do not have enough experienced military commanders to take care of their training. Then there's logistics", Chrom said and sighed loudly. "Harvest was barely enough this year, and it reflects in food prices as well as the pay we can afford to give to our soldiers." Worry threatened already to slump the new exalt, and Robin shook his head mentally. *That won't do*.

He slapped Chrom's shoulder. "This isn't a time for worry, Chrom. Besides, I've got news." Robin smiled. "Can you guess what it's about?" he asked, gesturing Chrom to step into the house.

"I'd rather you told me", Chrom said walking through the doorway. Robin followed him inside, and homely brown greeted them in form of warm looking rugs. There was no fire in the fireplace, but nonetheless the air was very warm. It was late summer now.

"It is easier to show than tell", Robin told him. Then he proceeded to shout; "Lucina, your father is here!"

Silent steps came from the kitchen's direction. They were still soldier's steps, and perhaps that wouldn't ever change. But peace was here, at last. *And so is she*, Robin thought while looking upon his wife's countenance, as she appeared

from behind the wall that separated the rooms. Lucina had taken off her apron, and regular cotton clothes - colored with boring brown – were all that she had.

It was almost like she had let go of everything that could have once made her the ruler of Ylisse, but even still, Lucina was a beautiful sight. She stood there for a moment, discerning and proud.

"Father!" she said, and took two careful steps towards Chrom. The exalt however had no such limitations. He ran to his beloved daughter grabbing her into a firm hug, minding her belly.

"Lucina", he said voice longing and missing. Sumia walked to them and joined their huddle. The joy of reunion was very sweet, and air was full of mirth, even with an occasional tear here and there. Or a proverbial flood, when it came to Sumia, but none of them minded it. They were happy to see each other again.

Robin waited patiently; it wasn't like they wouldn't ever let go of his wife. And indeed, after a moment that had felt like piece of eternity Chrom and Sumia let go of their daughter and took a couple steps back. Both of them looked at the next important thing, Lucina's round stomach. Sumia laid her hands on it.

"Have you yet decided whether it is fine for the younger Morgan to call older one her big sister?" She asked Lucina. Robin's wife pursed her lips ever so slightly, a gesture invisible to others than her family.

"Morgan was very adamant about changing her name so that little Morgan could be called with her true name. It took a lot of convincing on Robin's part to make her give up on that plan", she told her parents. "I guess Morgan feels like she's losing her identity as our child."

"Marrying her off won't solve the problem", Chrom said to them. Then he added; "I wouldn't be able to see my grandchild if that happens." Cynthia came flailing around, excited to pat Lucina's round belly, and they talked about things until two things happened, both at the same time. A shout came from the staircase, and another from the oaken door. Well, truthfully, it was two shouts from the door, and some silent grumbling added on top of it.

"Grandpa, Grandma!" "Brother!" "The hero enters!"

There are never enough reunions for one day, Robin thought. *They are so full of life.*

But inside something gnawed at him, and did not let Robin grasp that joy again.

Some time had passed while dining, and they had exchanged news each from their part of the world. Owain had the most to tell, as he had been traveling on his hero's journey for three years now. It was only because of Cynthia that Lissa had been able to contact them about the family get-together. She had a keen eye for messengers, partly because that was demanded of pegasus riders, and also because she had her mother's eyes which saw far and were accurate.

Lon'qu sat silently in the corner of the table, observing the conversation, never interfering. Robin wondered if he was like this at home, too. Then again, they had trained together for a while, and he had come to know Lon'qu as highly reasonable fellow, with keen eye for swordsmanship and even profound tactical understanding. For what was swordsmanship, if not a series of quick tactical decisions?

Lissa was sitting right next to her husband speaking with enthusiasm. Robin was happy to see that her liveliness hadn't disappeared anywhere in cold Feroxian weather. She did seem somewhat harder, he observed, but seemed to keep the core of her persona well intact. Even at the moment she was telling about the duel Lon'qu had with Basilio, laying out embellished details of its course.

"Guess who won?" Lissa asked them all, but her proud smile revealed the truth. Onto the cue, all people sitting around the table said *Lon'qu* without any shred of doubt. "You're no fun", Lissa said puffing her cheeks.

"It was about time, Basilio was getting old", Chrom marked.

"Don't speak of him like that, exalt", Lon'qu said grimly. Chrom threw his arms up in sign of surrender, and Lissa touched Lon'qu's hand gently. It seemed to Robin that Lon'qu was able to relax considerably.

"Doesn't this mean that we have two rulers in our humble table?" Morgan asked playing surprise. Robin thought about it for a moment. It did certainly feel like an honor, but Robin would never mention it to the two in question. That would lead to awkwardness, and he wanted none of that between them, between friends. Even if it meant that he was latching to an illusion.

"Just make sure you don't throw any dishes at them", Robin said to his daughter sarcastically. She rolled her eyes, but

said no remarks to her father.

"Hasn't anyone noticed the inherent danger in this?" Lucina asked of them. A short silence was cut down by Chrom's question.

"What do you mean Lucina?"

"If royal families of Regna Ferox and Ylisse start marrying each other won't each country's populace be troubled by it? What if they fear that our kingdoms become one at some point of time?" Robin knew better than to correct his wife, and so decided to wait if somebody else knew the answer to her questions.

"Lucina, royal families of the world marry their daughters and sons to each other often, or can you foresee that not happening in the future?" Chrom asked her, his face a metaphorical question mark.

"I simply cannot see how people would accept it", Lucina said bluntly.

"Regna Ferox is ruled by the law of the strongest", Lissa said to her niece. "If there is a new strong person, their leadership changes, and there is no royal family in Regna Ferox anymore." Then she glanced at Lon'qu, and added; "But that won't happen anytime soon." She flashed Lon'qu one of her smiles. Interestingly, it seemed that the gruff man's facial expression softened considerably. Robin wondered about the change in Lon'qu's countenance. *He looks much more comfortable around her. No, he looks comfortable* because *she's there.*

"I wouldn't even call it a royal family in Regna Ferox's case", Robin interjected quickly, noticing that he had drifted off thinking once again. "Just West-Khan and his family", he added. Lucina thought about his words for a while. Then she frowned.

"I can see how people of Regna Ferox wouldn't be affected by this, but what about Ylisseans? Surely they would have problems with their preconceptions of 'northern barbarians'."

"Actually, no", Chrom said. "They seem to be rather happy about the alliance with Regna Ferox. They know that northern allies helped in the war against Plegia. Rather than worry, they would like things to stay just as they are now, with Regna Ferox's people guarding our back." He said it with such assurance that Robin was starting to wonder whether Chrom still nurtured his habit of walking amongst the people, listening to their worries and fears. It seemed likely.

On his right side Lucina nodded, satisfied by his father's answer. Frown disappeared quickly from her forehead, and was replaced with smile as she started conversing with Cynthia and Owain. They shared tales of travels across the world, trying to become heroes of legend while disregarding the fact that they had actually been fighting in Black Dragon War. Robin always thought that everyone who risked their life in that war was a hero, whether he was young, old, weak or strong. Besides, weakest persons usually became the strongest, once they conquered their own fears. *But do those who were strong men in the beginning then become weak*, Robin asked himself. He couldn't tell.

It was finally time for the desserts, and Morgan helped her mother to set the table. Soon different exquisite-looking dishes enraptured all of the eyes around the table; moist, succulent cakes and fruits of the season as well as snacks of different kind filled the table. All of this, and cooled wine, made it seem perfect in the eyes of its viewers.

Robin was as amazed as everyone else. He rubbed his eyes, but the beautiful sight did not disappear.

"Thank the gods that I was born into this world", Cynthia said, her eyes a glassy glaze. Lucina smiled to her sister. Chrom was still trying to decide whether he was dreaming or not. Lon'qu looked simply awestruck, and he wasn't one for sweet things. After a while everyone was able to define this thing – with much discussion and consideration – as a part of reality, and they started to devour everything that was set in front of them.

Many interesting discussions took place, from possible husbands for little Lucina to thoughts on pieces of art that Morgana had filled the wooden walls with. All in all, it was a good time.

Suddenly a high pitched clang sounded through the room. Everyone was stopped in their tracks, all conversations cut down, dead. One by one people turned to the source of the sound. It had been Chrom, who was presently holding spoon and a glass. He held silent for a while, and everyone waited patiently.

Then Chrom spoke, his voice serious yet calm.

"Everyone, Robin has promised to tell something to us all today", he said. "I do not know what it is about, but…"

Chrom's words quieted down for an effect. The room became very silent, and there was a tension forming up around the words that were going to be said aloud.

"But somehow I get the feeling that he will soon disappear from our lives."

Confused voices filled the table. They turned to look at Robin, who was appalled by their attention.

He couldn't have known it! He himself said he didn't know about it,Robin shouted mentally. He was smitten. *But somehow he must have sensed it. He could always guess my thoughts, after all.*

Time almost stopped for Robin. He feared that his voice might break. That tears would flood the table.

"It is your turn now, friend", Chrom said to him, his face uneasy and troubled

Gods, Robin shouted in his mind. Nervousness started to well up inside him.

He wasn't really afraid of speaking in general...

But he was *terrified* of speaking the truth to the certain person he had come to love dearly as a friend.

Is there really no other choice? Do I have to tell him? Lucina knows, but… how will Chrom take it?

Chapter 2: Part 2: Past that imprisoned his eyes

Off topic: I apologize that this chapter is shorter than the first one, I'll remedy that in the third chapter(it will also be the final chapter). Please leave reviews and/or thoughts. Also, feel free to PM me feedback on any of Redemption's chapters. Thank you, and have a nice read.

Redemption

Past that imprisoned his eyes

Anxious atmosphere descended upon them all. Robin had been silent far too long. Something was wrong, but no one of them could name the problem. Not even Lucina. She was troubled for her husband, and the news that he would share. She played with her hair nervously, looking at Robin that was now averting their gazes.

The former tactician was now a shadow of his former self, for reasons unknown to even her. *It couldn't be that one time that I threatened to kill him, could it*, she thought. But no, Robin had nor even once brought that thing up again. It was like he had forgotten about it.

But this man, this sweet purple-haired man that was her all was acting so strangely now.

Robin lifted his head up slowly, as if in a trance. His eyes were full of sadness, and Lucina had hard time fathoming the depth of it. It was like he had been consumed by his grief all of a sudden.

He was confused. *We are only going to leave for a short while, aren't we Robin? Why do you seem so sad, then?*

"I.. have indeed something to say", Robin said. His voice couldn't keep steady, and it almost broke at the beginning of his sentence. Nervous air was easily distinguishable in that moment, as everyone was holding their breath. The darkness of Robin's sorrow threatened to ruin the day.

Chrom gazed at his friend unflinchingly, and Lucina wondered how he could keep his cool in a situation like this, when the person they knew was acting so differently than they were accustomed to during their years of friendship and love. Maybe it was his trust towards Robin that helped him to stay calm. Anxiety was starting to grip *her* stomach with its sharp claws.

"Our family… Will go to Valm", Robin said.

"Why? How long will you stay there?" Chrom asked. Lucina could see some of his calm facade cracking, and she wondered whether the peace that had been there a moment ago had just been an illusion.

Robin took a deep breath. "Recent reports show that they have trouble keeping all the dynasties in control. A new war threatens to erupt. They need a tactician to organize things, as well as to take care of any military threat to the present regime. It will take years, perhaps even decades, to calm down the situation there." Lucina gasped in surprise - she had not known that the trip would take so long - and disinclined voices filled the dining room.

"Whaaaaaat?"

"I don't want to go, Father!"

"Stupid tactician."

Robin lifted his both hands to gather attention once more. People around the wooden table lowered their voices, except for Owain.

"You are just running away from your Avenger mode!" he shouted. Cynthia kicked Owain's leg, and his shout turned into bitter cursing. Lon'qu gave his son a very stern look. Somebody would get scolded after this, and it wasn't going to be Cynthia.

Robin waited for Owain's voice to quiet down before continuing. "As the world is currently in peace, I find myself hoping that nothing will ever spark such a war as the one we all went through. And as Valm's situation is what it is, I would rather go and put my abilities to use there, making sure that each and every threat is put down once again. Unfortunately... It would mean that Lucina wouldn't be able to see her family for a long time." Robin's voice was genuinely sympathetic, but Lucina shook her head in confusion. *Decades? Robin, what is this?* She couldn't voice her opinion, as Chrom managed

to open his mouth first.

"You would take my daughter, go to Valm, and possibly never return?" He asked with a level but chilling voice. It was very threatening, and everyone in the room sensed the very real possibility of erupting fight.

"Let's hope that isn't the case", Robin said averting his eyes.

"Robin, you dastard!" Chrom shouted. "You know you won't return!" The exalt rushed around the table and grabbed Robin's collar with both hands.

"All these years of friendship through both good times and bad, and now you want to leave us. And for what? Another war!" Lucina, Lon'qu and Sumia rose from their seats, running to take hold of angered Chrom. As they were still pulling him back, Chrom clenched his first and threw it against Robin's head with such strength that the physically weaker man crashed against the chair that Lucina had stood up from. His ribs met its corner awkwardly, and an anguished scream ensued. Robin clutched his ribs in pain.

"Father, what... what did you do?" Lucina shouted, and slapped Chrom to his left cheek. The exalt's eyes widened, but not from anger. As all others still were trying to get their bearings Lucina looked at his prone husband, and stormed out of the room. Robin groaned and made himself rise up, only to hobble after her. Those who stayed in the room looked at each other awkwardly. Morgan was the only one able to react to the catastrophe that had once been their family get-together.

"So…" she said nervously, "does anybody want some cake?"

"Lu!" Lucina heard from behind. "Lu!"

She had already gone out of the house and took brisk steps down the stairs that led to their hilltop house. The granite beneath her steps felt cold, and gave no comfort to the pain that ravaged her insides. It was the same crushing pain that she had not felt since lifting Falchion against her husband.

Tears made their way to her chin, and dripped down in uneven melody. She began to run, over the tufts of grass that grew out of the cracks below, and past the northern cliffside.

Then she heard Robin shout again.

"Lucina!"

She thought about stopping, but decided to continue. Robin had been unfair. He had forced her to choose between her parents and Robin himself. *You know, that I don't want to make that choice again*, she shouted mentally, and cried out.

She kept running down the steps.

"Don't you…" a shout came above her, "underestimate me!"

Lucina lifted her eyes up and screamed in terror. Her husband had jumped off the cliff so that he could cut off her patch. He had a slight problem, however.

On that height, the jump would be fatal.

"NO!" Lucina shouted, and then everything flashed white; at the same time deafening roar slammed against her ears. For a while Lucina could not see anything, and cried out as if in massive pain.

Then she felt two arms embrace her. She heard a voice.

"…'t ..n ..ay .rom me", it said. As she listened her hearing started to come back, as well as her eyesight. She saw a familiar man with purple hair, and cried out again.

"You madman!" Lucina said, jabbing her husband to stomach. Robin crouched over, seemingly in great pain. Then it dawned on her; her husband was still recuperating from falling awkwardly against that chair.

And still he did that, she thought, looking at the sky and wondering about the fall that Robin had survived. It had been more than fourty feet.

"How.. did you survive?" she asked of her coughing husband while helping him up. *He wasn't in any shape to walk, let alone run and jump*, she thought. *Such a worrisome husband*.

"Three… lightning bolts… to the landing zone... at the same time", Robin answered her, still disoriented. He grasped Lucina's shoulder, and with her help, lifted himself up from the crouch he had been in.

"The trick is in the kickback", he said. Lucina had no idea what she had just been told. However, she could see that her husband was holding a spell tome, and deduced that its spell had been used somehow to avert the Operation Splash. This was one of those times that her husband's ingenuity shined in her eyes, making him seem like a hero of the legends. Well, if one did not count the tears of pain, or the fact that Robin was still kind of holding his stomach.

"I couldn't leave you alone in the state that you were in", Robin said. "For the sake of Gods, you even forgot Falchion back home."

Lucina checked her belt. It seemed like playing housewife for a prolonged period made her forget some rather important habits. She resolved to not ever forget her sword back home again.

"*You* are the one in fault", she said to Robin. He faced her gaze, batting his eyelids as if trying to avoid her gaze that way.

"I admit it."

For a moment neither one said anything, letting the wind move through their hair. It would have been rather idyllic scene, if not for all the emotional baggage. It seemed to Lucina as if her husband didn't want to mention Valm again, so she decided to take the lead.

"I do not want to go to Valm, Robin."

"I know."

"Why do *you* have to go?" she asked, and caught a grimace on Robin's face. Apparently he was rather troubled at how she oftentimes knew his innermost thoughts, or could at least lessen the possible options to a remarkable degree.

"I have…" he said, leaving his mouth open. Then he closed it, slowly. It couldn't be easy to say it, true, but Lucina hoped that Robin would just come out with it. It would help them to decide their course of action.

Robin took a deep breath, and grim resolve started flashing in his eyes. *Here it comes*, Lucina thought.

"I have nightmares."

Lucina became very confused.

"Doesn't everybody? Every one of us was a soldier", she said. Killing scarred everyone, even the mightiest ones of them all.

"Not like that", Robin said, his eyes looking somewhere far away now. Lucina could see her husband grit his teeth.

"Every time I go to sleep", Robin said, "I see that one bolt of lightning, piercing his heart, flesh burning around the wound, and him, saying those words. Each night it repeats, and I see what future me did to him. What I did to him! How can I live here, seeing him on occasion, and think that nothing is wrong?"

Lucina looked at him, terrified. *Why didn't I know that you had such nightmares? Some wife I am, letting you suffer while I enjoyed our peaceful life*. Tears were welling up in the corners of her eyes, and one gust of wind forced them to flow down once again.

"I am sorry, Robin!" she said, taking her husband into a forceful embrace. "I am sor…ry I... did…not…know", she said crying, her words finally breaking down to pieces and tears drowning her words of consolation like a flood.

Robin looked at her lovingly, while she cried, but his eyes were so pained that no one could have stood their gaze.

Chapter 3: Part 3: The price of forgiveness

Off topic: Hey people, here's the third chapter. As it has been uploaded rather quickly, there will be some grammatical errors, as well as typing errors. I will get around to fixing them. By the way, I apologize once again for a short chapter. It seems like it is much easier for me to write in this format. I really think that I succeeded in that conversation between the two main characters, as well as conveying the nightly ponderings of Robin.

Redemption

The price of forgiveness

Did the world hold something for him anymore? Chrom was angry with him, his wife was devastated and only gods knew whether Morgan wasn't secretly the same. Some mess he had managed to make, and the worst thing about it was that he could do nothing to undo it.

Robin cursed himself and turned over in his bed, towards Lucina. The darkness of the room would have hidden many of her slender features, had it not been for the fact that Robin had been rolling in his bed restlessly for hours; his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness long time ago.

How he wished that his conscience had been the same; that it could bear the darkness of the past and face future without any hesitation. But he wasn't like those weak persons that became strong. No, he had been strong, but these dreams and his guilt for striking his friend had weakened him to the point that he could no longer be called the same man, that he was during the war.

The war… Robin didn't ever want to go back to it; however, if there was any chance that he could find his past self from the terrors of slaughter, would he participate in it again?

Robin feared in his heart that the answer to that question would be affirmative.

Such were the fears that troubled him on that night, and there was no moonlight that could have given Robin its cold consolation. The chill in the room was twofold, the air *was* actually cold in there – because he wasn't sleeping closer to Lucina – and then there was the ever present fear of nightmares, holding his heart with its cold-clawed grip. Robin could feel his insides twist and tingle, as if some unknown force was out for a stroll inside his body. He turned to face the wooden ceiling again. *It is over now*, he thought. *All possibility of reconciliation with Chrom is impossible now.* He had run out of tears long ago, but the emptiness was still there, hoping to be filled with something, anything, that would give him peace.

Robin heard steps outside their room. Who could be out this late, in his own house? And then three silent knocks landed on the door. Apparently Robin would soon find out about their mystery quest. Or *his* mystery quest, as Lucina was still in deep sleep. She had been depressed the whole day and was extremely tired.

As Robin kissed her forehead he could hear her mumble something; "Don't... no Robin… again… lost…" Robin could see that Lucina had a strained expression, one that didn't quite fit a sleeping person. He embraced her and whispered to Lucina's ear; "I'll be back; remember, I promised that I would never disappear on you again." Lucina's strained face softened at his words, and she let out a satisfied sigh. How she did it while sleeping, Robin would never know.

He walked to the door, and opened it. Chrom stood there, silent, his face a paragon of seriousness.

"Come outside. I need to talk to you", he said shortly, and walked away with steps that were more silent than they had been before. Robin followed him.

After all, how could his day possibly become any worse?

It was cold outside. Robin was starting to regret that he had not dressed up appropriately for the weather. Strong gusts of wind blew at them, and past them, threatening to topple Robin down by pure force of will. That was something that Robin had never understood about wind mages. They had this idea about wind being a persona – or a creature - that could not be manipulated. According to them it could only be beseeched for help. *Makes me see Ricken in new light*, Robin thought. Apparently the boy wasn't gifted in magic as much as he was talented in groveling. *Alright,* that's *too bitter*.

Robin stopped – more by a force of habit than anything else – at the edge of the one-sided cliff. It compassed the entire northern part of the hill, making it dangerous to raise any children here. *Not to mention the laundry that wind gets its*

grubby mitts on.

The view was worth it though; there was the mountain pass that lead to Regna Ferox, and forests that were located on the both sides of all highroads, and then a river flowing down to Plegia territory. This place lacked nothing.

Robin gazed far beyond his field of view, not noticing approaching Chrom before he said *Please be careful* to him. "We cannot afford you to crash down like a wet sack of sand."

"What can you afford me to do then?" Robin asked, rubbing his jaw. It was still feeling sore after Chrom's punch.

"That depends on the result of this conversation", Chrom answered.

"I have seen enough in my lifetime to see where this is going", Robin marked sarcastically. In his opinion this conversation wasn't going anywhere. But Chrom wasn't a quitter.

"So, tell me Robin", he said, "what kind of passion of yours will be fulfilled by going to Valm? Is it all about being successful - in war or every other thing- or are you perhaps trying to become the king of Valm?" Robin could hear sarcasm in his voice, and somehow that hurt him even more than his punch ever did. He would have started to question his own snarky attitude, but Chrom gave him no time for that.

"Are you trying to ensure prosperity and peace, live through assassination attempts and political maneuverings, only to find out that the most important thing had been in your hands all along?"

Chrom started crying, and Robin felt extremely uncomfortable. He couldn't stand his strong friend appearing so weak and vulnerable.

"Chrom…" Robin said, unable to voice his own thoughts as he had none. His mind had blanked out.

"Tell me Robin!", Chrom demanded of him, "What did we fight for? Was it for freedom, or perhaps justice? Equality? Peace? Life without threats here and everywhere?" Chrom's strained voice broke down, and he cried out shamelessly, without feeling shame. The wind kept it's pressure on them, it's air cold and freezing. However, neither one of them actually noticed that right now.

"Wasn't it for the moments like we had in the war camp, for moments like the one we had today at your table? Moments with free laughter, made possible by the trust between friends that guarded each other's backs for years through the worst of all wars? Wasn't if all", Chrom asked, "so that we could have another day together, and keep enjoying each other's company?"

Robin turned his back to his friend, hiding his face from him. It had become a storm of emotions, and he was unable to keep a tight leash on his emotions anymore. Chrom's words had struck home.

But they still didn't change anything.

"Those moments of laughter", he said, "will never make me free of this quilt. Guilt of seeing your chest smashed by lightning bolt of my own creation, my mind screaming of the deed done and my very being vibrating with regret, before turning into something much, much darker."

"That wasn't you Robin!" Chrom shouted as the wind blew harder. He grabbed Robin's shoulder. "That was your future self, *not* you. Let the matter already rest, I forgave you a long time ago!"

"But I didn't!" Robin shouted. "I couldn't forgive myself, and how could I, when I see what I did to you every night, and each time turning into a malignant force of darkness that destroys everything that I once loved! Into Grima!"

Chrom was taken aback by Robin's words, and he could not offer his friend any consolation whatsoever. The depth of his friend's problems was something that Chrom himself had never had to deal with. He did not have any answers, as Chrom's way of solving a problem involved punching, slashing or stabbing. He wasn't by any means a brute; it was just that those maneuvers usually fixed all of *his* problems. However, now that Chrom was facing his friend - a treasure of unbelievable worth to him - the whole thing was grating on him. He couldn't even punch Robin to help him understand that it was all gone. It wasn't even Robin that had done those horrible things. The past should have stayed in the past, and future should have never affected the present moment again.

Robin, what should I do? Chrom was so accustomed to asking help from the tactician, that the question molded in his head even without his own participation to any of his own thought-processes. However, this time he couldn't ask Robin's help, as the tactician *was* the problem. Or rather, his past was the problem. Actually no, wasn't it his future that was the

source of all this trouble?

Anyway, there was only one way left that he could use to solve this problem; the most dangerous way.

He decided to do it by the sword.

Robin could hear how Chrom's steps moved further away, leaving him alone to wonder about things.

He wasn't in the mood to ponder about things, as the emptiness inside him felt too suffocating. There were no thoughts to be had; only silence and wind prevailed.

Or it would have been silent, if not for the shouts coming from the house.

"Have you gone mad? Don't do it, Chrom!" The shouter was Lissa. Her steps followed another set of feet down the stairs. They seemed to be running.

The oaken door opened again, Chrom's muscular silhouette blocking the doorway for a moment. Then he ran towards Robin. Lissa had also made it to the door and shouted at the tactician.

"Robin, run!"

What is this, some kind of bad joke?

It didn't feel like it though.

In one quick movement Chrom drew Falchion from its sheath, and stuck the blade between Robin's ribs. No flourish, no fancy moves. Just a blade dripping blood that was unmistakably Robin's.

This is what my fate should have been, Robin thought, sliding slowly down the blade. Finally, after a moment that felt like a piece of eternity, he crashed down to ground drained of his strength.

Lucina, he thought, grasping at the last strand of his disappearing consciousness. Numbing quilts of blackness were laid upon him one by one, till he finally slipped into the darkness, never again able to feel life and satisfaction.

It had all been for nothing, this Redemption.

Chapter 4: Part 4: The price paid

Off-topic: Hey guys. A few words to you people. First of all: Thank you to all that favorited and reviewed my work, it has been very encouraging and kept me writing even faster. Secondly, I fear that this chapter may be the weakest one of them all. I am not sure, and I will wait reviews on it, but we shall see. It still has it's moments(just watch our for Morgan), and I really liked writing it. I hope it shows.

The next project will begin when I figure out what to write(I'd like to write a story about Robin that happens during chapters 13-25 in the game, with Robin/Lucina pairing and some Morgan hijinks included), but for now I'll enjoy a well deserved weekend.

Have a nice read.

Redemption

The price paid

".. .. ….. .. …"

Who's there?

"… ….t"

What? I can barely hear you.

".ods …sa, do.. .et .im di.!"

Fine, have it your way then.

"GET UP, IF YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO DO IT!"

Something very painful hit Robin's ribs, making him shout and forcing him to take a pained breath afterwards. *I swear, when I open my eyes I will kill that dastard of an exalt*, Robin thought angrily. *Oh, and that person who kicked me, too. I'll rip his legs off, I swear this to all gods of Ylisse, Regna Ferox and Plegia. Might as well add Valm's gods to it. Actually, no, Tiki's far too merciful; she let me live, even after knowing what I was.*

Another kick hit his side, this time more urgent in its delivery. Robin thought he could hear something snap.

"I'll KILL you, you son of a…" he bellowed, opening his eyes and rising up from the grass that he had been lying legs were far too weak to carry him, and thus Robin fell down to his back with an expression that could have been nothing but rage. His head was spinning around - perhaps for the loss of blood - but he still forced himself to take a look around.

The one who was nearest to his bloodied ribs was Owain.

Yeah, definitely not finishing that sentence, Robin thought grimly after glancing at Lon'qu who stood by Lissa's side. Then he started to take notice of other people around him. Cynthia was there alongside Owain, then there was Morgan – Robin began to feel ashamed for his cursing – and Lu with her, and finally the royal couple that consisted of Chrom and Sumia.

Robin gazed at his wife. Lucina's eyes had apparently seen a years' worth of tears. She still seemed shaken about all the stuff that was going on, proven by the fact that no words left her lips. Robin's wife *did* seem a bit more relaxed - whatever *a bit* meant to someone in her state – but she was not - by any means - *alright*.

Right, I was in the middle of sending Chrom to grave, he thought and tried to rise again; his feet didn't seem to care all that much for his lust for revenge. *How very unfortunate*, Robin thought.

"There are better places to take a nap than on the ground, you know", he heard Chrom say. A hand was extended unto Robin. *Chrom, you wouldn't dare*, he almost said aloud, but then a devious idea crossed Robin's mind. Tactician put on his best smile and grabbed the hand that had been extended at him.

"Welcome back. It is o-" Chrom said, but could get no further as Robin's fist hit his jaw in a perfect angle. *And down he goes*, Robin thought to himself, as both of them fell backwards in equilibrium.

"There is no way it is over!" Robin shouted to Chrom from the ground,"You tried to kill me!"

"Actually, he didn't", Lissa interjected. "It's just that he's the most idiotic brother that I ever could have hoped for", she added harshly.

"Let's hope that you get no additional siblings, eh, Owain", Cynthia jabbed at her companion, and got one of those 'I am above your ridicule' stares. Robin wondered whether Virion had been giving him lessons on the subject. He suspected that Owain *did* have other siblings in the future, but had no information to base it on. It was basically *a hunch*, the infamous thing that killed most fledgling tacticians during wars. Battles had no place for inane conjecture.

"As she said… Robin", Chrom said awkwardly from the ground. "I was not trying to kill you."

Robin actually thought about it for a second, and surprisingly, he could see some sense in their claim.

"You brought Lissa downstairs because… she can heal", he said, still not understanding the reasons behind Chrom's attack. Lissa had certainly saved the tactician, but its Chrom's antics that put Robin's live in grave danger. It was no wonder that she told him to run.

"Right. But the reason behind it…" Chrom said, cutting his sentence off while catching Sumia's helping hand. He grunted in pain, and rose up to his feet with some extraneous movement. *Must have been some punch*, Robin congratulated himself.

"…Is something that can only be shown. Lucina, would you lift your husband up?"

And we come a full circle. Oh the irony. Robin did however grab his beloved's hand, surprised once again by the strength that her slim features hid. Then again, Lucina never skipped on her training with the sword.

"Bring him to me, please", Chrom said.

"I think I'd rather not come", Robin answered him.

"I am not going to hurt you."

"That's what they all say", Robin retorted, shaking his head at Lucina. She hearkened to his request and stopped, staring angrily at Chrom. His father sighed at them both, unconsciously lifting both of his hands up, and ending up losing his grip on Sumia. He would have fallen down, if not for fast Lon'qu that helped him steady up once again.

"On my word, no harm shall come to you."

I still don't see any sensible reason to come over there, he thought bitterly. Nothing would change after a short discussion.

But Lucina started dragging her husband towards the not-so-imposing figure of Chrom. It didn't take long, only a couple of steps, and Robin did not fight against her pull. Or at least he gave in more ground to her than took.

Then Robin was there, facing his friend – whom he had so craftily landed a punch on – and staring quietly at his eyes.

"You say that you cannot forgive yourself for striking me", Chrom said to him, his eyes flashing curiously in the moonlight. "Do you understand what I just did to you, moments ago?"

Robin had an answer ready immediately; "Yes. You wanted to remove my guilt by striking me back in return." As Chrom started smiling, he continued, "But you failed to place your strike correctly."

"I do not really like this conversation, it has too much violence in it", Morgan murmured to herself, and got more than a few raised eyebrows. She was too concentrated on the conversation to mind, even with her claim that she did really not like the subject.

"How so?" Chrom asked Robin, ignoring Morgan's snarky comments. He was smiling widely.

"Believe me Chrom, I do wish that you were right in your reasons to smile. However, you did not remove my guilt", Robin said to him. "How *could* you have, when you stabbed me to the *right side of my chest* whereas I pierced your *heart*!"

"You are right, Morgan", Lon'qu confessed to the young tactician. "I also do not like this conversation."

"You had no intention to kill!" Robin continued shouting. "But I practically wrote your name on that lightning bolt!"

Chrom had not stopped smiling. Robin could sense something off about his actions. *Why's he so-*

The exalt of Ylissia lifted his left hand in a sudden movement, and tore open Robin's ripped shirt. Tactician narrowed his eyes. Beneath the bloodied cotton shirt there was a disgusting – if clean looking – scar that was just about as wide as Falchion.

Robin looked at it, then back at Chrom, and finally at the scar again. Why hadn't Lissa healed it?

"What is this for?" Robin asked of Chrom. He was confused, and – he had to admit – slightly curious. Why was he left with such a distinguishing scar?

"That is your atonement", Chrom said to him dramatically.

"This?" Robin asked, not believing his ears.

Then he started laughing.

It was the type of laugh that no one would ever want to hear; the type that made ears ring and raised questions about the person's sanity.

Then the laughter stopped, as fast as it had begun. "No. This is stupid", Robin said, loosening himself from Lucina's hold. He took care to avoid meeting her eyes. There was only so much of his sorrow that she could carry with him.

"I am not done", Chrom said adamantly.

"But I am!" Robin shouted, turned around and marched towards his house. Or would have, if not for the two hands that grabbed his arms so firmly that it felt like they'd been made of iron.

"I said I am not done, Robin", Chrom said slowly. Apparently, looks had been very deceiving.

"You faked injury", Robin said to him, surprised. *It seems that I got outplayed*, he thought.

"Couldn't have you jumping off the cliff all of a sudden", Chrom said solemnly. *Could I really have jumped off the cliff at some point of the conversation*, Robin asked himself. Once again he shuddered at the fact that the word *affirmative* had become so deadly these days.

"But, as I was saying…" he said turning Robin around to face him, "I am not done."

Robin didn't bother to say anything to him. *Let's get this done with, then*, he thought.

"You'll see why I wounded your right side, rather than your heart. If you stand there facing me like that", Chrom said, touching the left side of his own chest with a closed fist, "then you'll see that it was indeed the same place that you were wounded to." To demonstrate, Chrom brought his first to touch the scar that was now a directly opposite to his heart.

Robin was confused, again, but his baffled look did nothing to stop Chrom's words from overwhelming him.

"Had your heart been wounded, you would have to face away from me to be considered my equal. However, now that your *right side* is wounded", he said bumping Robin's scar, "we can truly call each other brothers, as you can face me and say that we are the same; we've practically been wounded to the same place, now."

Robin thought about Chrom's words. They certainly had a strange kind of logic to them. Robin had become a mirror-image of sorts, the kind that would always show what Chrom *could* have been. Robin wasn't dead, but then again, neither was Chrom.

It is strange how inane tirades start to make some sort of sense when you're in the pits of despair, he thought to himself.

Better that, than a long flight down from the cliff.

"So, you never intended to actually pierce my heart?" Robin asked, feeling some kind of weight release its grip on him. He was now sure that Chrom would stand by him till the end of time, as his friend and father-in-law. He was that kind of a person, after all.

Robin smirked. *Perhaps I should start calling him my brother, see what kind of reaction* that *causes in the court*, he thought, and stored that idea into his mind, making sure to bring it up at a later date.

He looked at his "brother." Chrom was looking strangely nervous. *Couldn't he just admit that he never even considered*

piercing my heart, and be done with it, Robin thought.

"Actually… The thing is…"

"Piercing your heart would have been instantly fatal", Lissa said. "And it was my brother's go-to-plan, at least until I managed to make him give up on it."

Waaaaaait a minute…

"Chrom, you *dastard*!" Robin shouted. "You tried to killed me!" Chrom backed off looking extremely apologetic, not that it helped much. Robin was infuriated.

"I think we already established the fact that he almost killed you", Lissa said tiredly. She gave Lon'qu a quick glance.

"No, sister, you don't seem to understand", Robin said to her. "He was going *kill*-"

"Waitwaitwaitwaitwait! What did you say?" Lissa asked incredulously.

"Look, if Chrom's going to be my brother, then doesn't that automatically make you my sister too?" Robin asked from her innocently. *This is actually a lot of fun, now that I've tried this*, he thought amused.

"If we go with that line of thought, then wouldn't that make Lucina your-"

"Nephew", Morgan finished, grinning wolfishly. "Indeed. How wonderful, father, it seems that you do really love your family after all."

"Mooooooorgaaaaaaaaaaaan!" a vicious shout came, giving the subject no room for doubt what would happen if Lucina ever caught her daughter. Even Robin was appalled by his wife's reaction, and ceased his murderous actions for the terror of it. After all, he knew what it was like to be caught in her teeth; one might even say that he knew it in more ways than one.

"Oops, got to run!" Morgan shouted and bolted down the stairs that led down from the hill.

As the two were having their moment of bonding, the others concluded unanimously that Robin couldn't actually call Chrom his brother. The tactician had absolutely no objections to that, as he knew that jokes like that gave birth to rumors that could in turn destroy the Ylissean dynasty.

Robin wished that his wife wasn't so busy running *away* from him at the moment, even if it was only to chase after Morgan. However, this did give him some time to ready some surprises for her. He made a few schemes with Chrom, and promised then with all sincerity that his family would not go to Valm. Both of them went back to their beds on good terms with each other again.

Robin's heart carried a much lighter load now. He waited for the sleep to come, and drifted off faster than he had ever done during these three years of guilt and shame.

He was free now.

And there was no reason for Robin to go back into the man that he had been.

He had all that he needed here and now, and as a tactician Robin made sure that he would not ever forget that again.

He woke up again when Lucina entered the bed. She probably thought that Robin was sleeping, because he noticed that she kept some distance, even after everything had been resolved today. Then again, Lucina had been chasing Morgan when most of the problem-solving had happened.

Robin snuggled sneakily closer, and gently turned her face around to meet his.

Yeah, she's surprised, Robin thought.

As he drew Lucina closer to himself, he wondered how surprised she would be when told that it was too late to heal the scar now.

Better leave that for tomorrow, he thought, and couldn't probably have made a better decision.

Sinking into her eyes made this night for him.

Off-topic: It is AMAZING what some proof-reading can do you your chapters. This thing turned from a mediocre chapter into a solid finisher for my first big story. I am quite new to this community, but I have already noticed how the feedback really encourages me to write more. Also, people here are VERY supportive. I'll be writing some more after the weekend(might even write a bit *during* it).